Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep theſe flowers
Weele ſee how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.
Wom. I could lie downe I am ſure.
Emil. And take one with you?
Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,
Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?
Arc. Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes a matchles beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well loſe himſelfe and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beſhrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And deſire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I ſaw her firſt.
Arc. That's nothing
Pal. But it ſhall be.
Arc. I ſaw her too.
Pal. Yes, but you muſt not love her.
Arc. I will not as you doe; to worſhip her;
As ſhe is heavenly, and a bleſſed Goddes;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.
Pal. You ſhall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all.
Who ſhall deny me?
Pal. I that firſt ſaw her; I that tooke poſſeſſion
Firſt with mine eye of all thoſe beauties
In her reveald to mankinde: if thou lou'ſt her.
Or entertain'ſt a hope to blaſt my wiſhes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
Falſe as thy Title to her: friendſhip, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I diſclaime

If

If thou once thinke upon her
Arc. Yes I love her,
And if the lives of all my na
I muſt doe ſo, I love her wi
If that will loſe ye, farewell
I ſay againe, I love, and in lo
I am as worthy, and as free
And have as juſt a title to h
As any *Palamon* or any liv
That is a mans Sonne.
Pal. Have I cald thee fri
Arc. Yes, and have found
Let me deale coldly with y
Part of you blood, part of y
That I was *Palamon*, and y
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to
Thoſe joyes, greifes, angers, f
Pal. Ye may be.
Arc. Why then would y
So ſtrangely, ſo vnlike a nob
To love alone? ſpeake true
Vnworthy of her ſight?
Pal. No; but unjuſt,
If thou purſue that ſight.
Arc. Becauſe an other
Firſt ſees the Enemy, ſhall I
And let mine honour down
Pal. Yes, if he be but on
Arc. But ſay that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one ſay ſo,
And uſe thy freedome: els
Be as that curſed man that h
A branded villaine.
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I muſt be.
Till thou art worthy, *Arcit*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.